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A WEEK IN DRESDEN, 1860.

(Continued from page 110.)

OCT. 30, 1860. That Tuesday shall be memorable for a long day's excursion, in company with Clara Schumann, her daughter, (a blooming maiden with musical voice and the father's features), the sister Marie, and our strong tone-hero Joachim—in a great open carriage, a driver that would lose the way, so as to prolong the pleasure—and the finest of October days, though far from warm—out to one of the most characteristic and romantic points of the so-called "Saxon Switzerland," the *Bastei*. When such artists have holiday, it is a good thing to be of the party; that is, if they want you. And was it not a charming way to take, to make the stranger acquainted—a stroke of hospitable genius on the part of the warm-hearted artist woman, ever occupied with earnest cares and duties, mother of seven children, thrown upon her art for their support, busy with the concerts, busy with a thousand artistic relations, and with the laborious practice necessary to maintain, as she fully does, her pre-eminent position among genial classical pianists? A few hours' drive brings us to the path down in the famous *Uttewalde Grund*, through which wonderful ravine we thread our way afoot, winding upwards to find ourselves upon a narrow gallery of rock, perched high in air, some six or seven hundred feet above the Elbe that sweeps right round its base. This is the *Bastei*, and you look off over a vast plain, broken by low mound-like mountains, round and flat like huge Titanic mill-stones, each entirely by itself, with miles of deadest level between it and the others. The sun is just dropping down in the West, purpling the water and the skies, (how short the days!) and the great round moon is already taking color and serenely throned above the whole magnificent, cold scene. Art has contrived curious towers, and bridges, sacred niches and inscriptions all about our rocky perch; and feudal legends, of robber knights who used to swoop down upon their prey on that quiet river, are not wanting; while close around us, springing from the plain, and rising to an equal height with us, are strange fantastic shafts of rock, a sort of Giants' Causeway, only all set apart, as if the whole sand-stone mass had been cleft this way and that way to the very bottom, as we see a block of wood cleft into a bunch of matches. But I am not going to describe the *Bastei*; you will find it very well done in Murray. Suffice it to say the only title of this region to be called a "Switzerland" lies in the fact that it is as unlike Switzerland as possible. That is the

very charm of it. It has no snowy mountains, no glaciers, no blue peaks and needles, no cols, no mountain chains, nor valleys, nor pasture Alps and *Matten*—nothing that is Swiss, nothing that is grand. But it is a wild kind of beauty on a smaller scale, entirely *sui generis* and unlike anything else; a weird, romantic beauty; some strange old poetry and magic seems to haunt there; the tones of the wind seemed fraught with mystical suggestion as they swelled and died away around the *Gasthaus*, in which our merry company were sitting after yielding to the fascination of the scene outdoors as long as cold and hunger would permit. I wonder if their secret did not pass into the strings of that matchless violin, whose soul and master we had with us!

What a cold drive we had home under that harvest moon! The fields and hills spread white with frost around us, blanched in the pale moon-gleam. And when we reached the broad part of the river where we had to cross, behold, the ferry boat was on the other side, and Charon snug asleep, insensible to our repeated shouts, or hearing in his dreams the halloos and shrill whistles of our driver mellowed into the wild hunter's waldhorn or the Wunderhorn of Oberon. Happy boatman! What cruel disillusion waits thee! Still we shiver. A whole half hour we stand there at the water's edge and freeze; the glistening air itself is frozen white and solid. At last a light begins to wave reluctantly and sleepily about the cottage; and there are sounds of chains and paddles, and a boat steadily approaching through the small eternity it takes to cross a rapid stream in such an hour, and brisk exchange of tongue artillery between our charioteer and Charon, and we are underway again—or underweigh—chilled into society of silence like a Quaker meeting, musing on the rich day we had had, and owning the majestic beauty of the night, grateful for all this to nature, although her hand-grasp just now is none of the gentlest. But we were soon thawed, we two, after we had bid good night to our fair entertainers, and were snuggled over a good fire and other good things in our hotel, just in the mood for talk, and quite agreed that such a day was worth the freezing.

OCT. 31. A sharp, clear air, fit to be breathed upon this day of the *Reformations-Fest*—proudest anniversary of Protestant Germany. And where should it be celebrated if not here in Saxony, in spite of the anomaly of a king, one of whose Elector ancestors slid back to Rome and then picked up a crown? The shops are closed, and the streets have an almost New England Fast or Thanksgiving aspect. All the large churches—the court church excepted—are thronged two or three times during the day for solemn, cheerful service; the old Lutheran hymns ring out with a will from thousands of united voices, and the debt of Germany, of civilization, to Luther, with the duties thence arising, is the theme of many a glowing preacher. I go in the morning to the most curious and interesting, perhaps, as well as one of the largest of these old churches, the *Sophien-Kirche*. There we may hear perchance some organ-playing by the

most famous of the German organists now living, the old Johann Schneider. His post of duty is here, at the old Silbermann organ, stuck up in the gallery in a corner of the vast and unsymmetrical interior. Such was the crowd, standing in every aisle, that there was no penetrating beyond a place directly underneath the organ gallery. If there had been any fugue or voluntary before service, I had lost it. But it did edify and thrill one somewhat to stand there part and parcel of that crowd, when there went up from young and old the mighty intonations of *Ein feste Burg*, sustained by the great flood of organ harmony. Many stanzas were sung; and between them were short interludes, often of a very brilliant character, which showed a master-hand indeed, but not a very sober taste. One could not help thinking that the old man had taken a strange time to figure in the character of virtuoso and indulge in such fantastical surprises.

Then came an hour of *chamber* music, of Bach and violin, all by ourselves. A beautiful Andante of the old master was played to an audience of one—and it is probable that not so much as *one* was thought of when the thing was written. The full brook flowed just as steadily and sweetly in the unbroken solitude, as when the world looked on. And so it would have kept on running (for it was the right master-hand that smote the rock, that is the strings) that morning, but that a visitor, a poet, dropped in full of talk, Hans Christian Andersen, the Dane, a homely, tall, good-natured, lively, gaily-dressed, enthusiastic individual, pleased with his own echo in the world. And should he not feel pleasantly? Had he not just been bidden into the presence, to read before his Saxon Majesty, the royal *Uebersetzer* of the more than royal Dante, his last drama, romance, or what not in MS.? But now adieu! auf Wiedersehn! because my lady waits. We step across the hall, into the concert room, where the two artists must rehearse for their last soirée. So, after cordial inquiries and assurance on all sides that all are safely thawed out after the last night's cold adventure (for surely Charon, the real mythological old fellow, never had a colder, stiller set of ghosts to ferry over—though we were no ghosts, nor that stream a Lethe, as these presents show), the audience of one is ensconced in a corner, and the morning business proceeds. Sonatas for piano and violin, one by Mozart and one by Haydn, are the subject. Fine specimens of their authors' finest art and genius, and not dismissed until the rendering was so faultless, that one saw the genial masters in a fresh light and conceived a new love for both of them. It is a good thing, after long preoccupation with such deeper spirits as Bach or Beethoven, to be reminded, in such a way as a pianist like Clara Schumann can remind one, of a Clementi, a Haydn, etc. Such interpreters as these two know how to place them all in the right light, relatively, before you.

NOV. 1. Another morning rehearsal. Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven (glorious sonata), Bach. After dinner a long walk, over the

bridge, through the Neustadt, and round towards the right bank of the river, to the place of entertainment called the Linksche Bad, where there is another large and sumptuous café concert-hall. The programme was rich; containing, besides lighter things, the "Pastoral Symphony," Gade's "Ossian" overture, duet from "Jessonda," overture to "Egmont," Andante and variations from Haydn's 12th Symphony, overture to "Nozze di Figaro," and to the "Swiss Family," *Lieder ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, and an arrangement from a very striking song by Schubert, the *Greisengesang* (Song of the Old Man), which impressed me as one of the best things for this kind of treatment, if we must have such things served up by an orchestra. The frigid chords (so Schubert-like) which describe the wintry snows of age upon the head ("the roof"), contrasted with the warmer harmonies of the summer that abides within, are quite effective. It would be a good change in our Music Hall "Rehearsals" from the "Serenade" and *Lob der Thränen*, now so staled by repetition (1860).

In the evening came the third and last soirée of Clara Schumann and Joachim, with the assistance of Frau Garrigues-Schnorr von Carolsfeld as singer. The illness of Herr Schnorr, the husband, caused a real disappointment, and some change of programme, making it as follows:

- 1 Sonata (F major), piano and violin:
Allegro, Variations. Tempo di Minuetto. Mozart
a "Thränenregen," (Wir saßen so traulich beisammen.)
b "Mein." (Bäublein, lass dein Rauschen sein).
3. Sonata (Op. 101) for piano Beethoven
4. Three Duettinos, piano and violin . . . R. Schumann
5. a Romanza, for violin Beethoven
b Bourrée and Double, do. J. S. Bach
6. a Ballad; "Heinrich der Vogler" Löwe
b "Lithuanisches Lied" Chopin
7. Sonata (G major), piano and violin: Andante—
Adagio.—Cantab.—Finale all' Ongaresso.—Haydn

The piece by Haydn is found as a Trio; but the violoncello, which scarcely more than doubles the bass in the piano, could be left out without loss—by such players. It is one of the happiest strokes of Haydn's genius; the last movement exquisitely sunshiny, like jack o' lantern on the wall. It was played *con amore*, with the most accurate and nimble fingers, and such nice and vital accent as the best player only can command when all the nerves are rightly strung. Those variations by Mozart could not have been more generally perfect and Mozartish in the rendering. It certainly was a notable achievement for a woman to bring out clearly, finely, warmly, grandly, as Mme. Schumann did, the beauty, force and meaning of a sonata which is one of the most difficult, alike to comprehend and execute, of those remarkable works of the last period of Beethoven—and one of the most richly imaginative and original. If there is any part of it into the sense of which perhaps a man might enter more completely, it is that singular quick march, the like of which no other hero mood of genius ever marched by; for that treads airy heights for which, methinks, only a man's brain can be at once enough intoxicated and enough self-possessed. Talking the thing over together, afterwards, we did not find the lady fully sympathized with our admiration of that particular movement. (Among

the "Davidsbündler"—Eusebius, Meister Raro, and the rest—there would have been none to say us nay). As Joachim dealt with it, there seemed a great deal more in that often played Romanza of Beethoven, than there ever had before. It held the audience in ecstasy. The *Bourrée* (old dance rhythm) and *double* (or variation), were given with masterly vividness and truth of outline, and afforded still new evidence that old Bach is the youngest man alive in music, as well as the ripest. The vocal selections were choice; each with a characteristic charm; the singer could not be charged with neglect of expression; there was only too much of it; a certain extra dramatic infusion of energy, which let the melodies have no peace to "flow at their own sweet will." The three little instrumental duos by Schumann were a nice substitute for some duets of his which were to have been sung. More rare or charming song selections one can scarcely hear than graced these concerts. Robert Schumann is never more genial, more felicitous than in his songs; and where should one expect to make their acquaintance in the right way, if not in just these concerts, which are pious tributes to his memory and genius, by one who has the best right to interpret him?

The concert over, now imagine a very pleasant, sociable symposium in an upper room of this same nice Hotel de Saxe. It is a genuine German sit-down, where everybody is expected to be just as free and happy as he can. And everybody can be just as happy as he has a right to be; and no more, *nicht wahr?* It is at once an artist and a family *Gesellschaft*. All of the Wieck and Schumann representatives are there, who chance to be at hand. But the Amphytrion is our hero of the violin, who would insist upon the mountain's coming to Mahomet. There's magnetism in the man, as we have said; and where do you ever find power that is not tyrannically used? So, not content with "ascending me into the brain" in the form of Beethoven and Bach, he must needs start other subtle effervescing spirits on the same track. We are a dozen all told. Three generations of that musical family of Dresden represented. A right German party! But it is not complete, the younger branches are not happy, nothing can go on, until the grandpapa is found, dragged from his *Kneip*, led in triumph and installed with all due honor and uproarious rejoicing at the head of the table. Then all are very happy; the middle-aged and youngest are very talkative and jokeative, and the dear old lady looks a deal of silent happiness; and Altmeister Wieck is very wise and fatherly and witty in his chair of state, and jokes about the *Wunderkindervater*, as the father and the teacher of two such artists as Clara and Marie, with such a son-in-law as Robert Schumann, may well call himself. Not a few sharp criticisms he drops, too, on the new school music—all in fun of course! And very comical and to the point are some of his illustrations of prevailing tricks in fashionable false schools of singing. For this old man possesses the true art of disciplining the voice as well as the fingers. The daughter Marie, who is full of generous

good nature and good sense, as well as musical talent, is a fine singer, has a rich mezzo-soprano admirably developed, and sang one evening in my hearing Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, and that impassioned song of Beethoven, to Goethe's verses, *Herz, mein Herz*, in a way to make them felt. I think I forgot, in speaking of the first soirée to mention the artistic touch and finished, tasteful execution with which this young lady played the upper part in the "Allegro Brillante" of Mendelssohn with her sister. I have heard her also play Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, and some of those bewitching little quicksilver clavier movements of Bach, with a spirit and a nicety not to be surpassed. Good for the Wunderkindervater! Health! J. S. D.

GEORGES BIZET.¹

The public, being in a hurry or used up, often judges flippantly the early works of young composers. Those spectators who, indifferent or weary, attend the first efforts of such novices, sometimes destroy, with a shrug of the shoulders, an edifice laboriously constructed at the price of long years of study and sleepless nights without number. Serious criticism hardly knows—and does not always deign to recollect—how many painful struggles every young composer must go through, and how many desperate attacks he must make, before he obtains even a moderate success. Side by side with the courteous judges who do not decide off-hand—who think it worth while to listen and take the trouble of discussing a subject in detail,—how many indulge in peremptory sentences, brutal condemnations, and unreasoning, foregone conclusions, crushing in the bud the legitimate hopes of young composers. All artists do not possess the admirable stoicism of F. Halévy, who, referring one day to some bitter and unjust criticisms on his fine score of *Charles VI.*, observed: "Let them say what they choose; do not let us be affected by criticism. If the work is strong, it has nothing to fear; if there is no life in it, criticism will simply have accelerated its fall." Few composers possess this firmness of soul. Ill-natured or simply indifferent criticisms irritate the majority of conscientious workers; their life is worn away on this ever-revolving grindstone, on which they leave the best part of themselves.

Georges Bizet's honest, frank nature suffered cruelly from the often excessive harshness of criticism. Under a cold exterior, the heart of the valiant composer beat quickly and strongly, and, though finely tempered, his soul was prematurely crushed in the daily combats in which a man should be able to look at his enemies with a smile. Had Bizet been less taken up with his art, and less jealous of his works, he would still be the glory of the French school. Extreme nervousness, combined with a strong feeling of professional dignity, has conferred on him the sad privilege of figuring in our gallery of the celebrated dead.

Bizet (Alexandre, César, Léopold, called Georges) was born in Paris, on the 25th of October, 1838, amid essentially artistic surroundings. His father, an excellent singing master, was married to a sister of Mme. Delsarte, a talented pianist, who carried off the first prize at the Conservatory. Bizet's uncle, A. Delsarte, a friend of my childhood, was a musician of taste, but his erudition was not well balanced. He undertook to combine with vocal science a mass of subjects which appeared to unprejudiced judges quite dis-

¹ From *Le Ménestrel*. (Translation from the London *Musical World*.)

tinued from this branch of art. An ardent apostle and sincere utopian, he advocated preparing the way for vocal studies by a knowledge of physiology, anatomy, phrenology, etc.; previous to their attempts to emit a sound, his pupils had to study the rationale of acoustics, as well as of look and gesture. The really solid part of his instruction, on the other hand, was deeply interesting. The study of sound in its gradations and varieties, and the gamut of its color, were the theme of attractive demonstrations; reading and reciting aloud, declamation, spoken and sung, formed a body of subjects which often frightened timid pupils, but fanaticized those of finely tempered minds.

Delsarte sent his young nephew to me. Georges Bizet was nine years old, and, though not very advanced, played with good taste and natural feeling Mozart's sonatas. From the very first day I was able to perceive in him a strongly marked individuality, which I endeavored to preserve. He did not wish to show off, but to "render well;" he had his favorite authors, and I took a pleasure in learning the cause of his preferences. It is thus, I think, that, by awakening the intelligence and reason, a master may guide and form the taste of his pupils. Admitted into my own class, and successively into Benoist's for the organ, and F. Halévy's for fugue and ideal composition, Bizet won, surely, if slowly, all his grades, never allowing himself to be discouraged when not successful, but always redoubling his efforts. He gained one after the other the prizes for solfeggio; the second and the first prize for the piano, extempore playing and organ; the second and the first prize for counterpoint and fugue; and lastly the "Prize of Rome." We see with what patience he went through his musical humanities before appearing as a master; an example to be noted at a time when eagerness to come forward, united to the suggestions of self-love, persuades so many students that they are wasting their best years on the benches of the Conservatory. It was step by step that, from 1849 to 1857, Bizet went through the due course of study and of recompenses. Here are some probatory dates: 1849, prize for solfeggio; 1851, second prize for piano; 1852, first prize for piano. Under the above dates must be placed also the first "accessit," the second, and lastly the first prize for the organ in Benoist's class; 1854, second prize for fugue; 1855, first prize for fugue; 1857, second "Prix de Rome"; 1857, Grand "Prix de Rome."

We must not forget to record here an incident which Georges Bizet never forgot. When I was nominated to the piano class, Zimmermann begged me to point out among my pupils those who would like to study counterpoint under his direction, that being a study of which he was especially fond. Bizet was one of those I selected, and thus it was that, before entering the class of the illustrious master Halévy, the young man was already familiar with the contrapuntal style according to the pure lines of Cherubini, whose traditions Zimmermann had inherited. It is also interesting to remember who were Bizet's fellow-pupils at the Conservatory. My class then comprised among its members, Wieniawski, Thurner, Francis Planté, Martin Lazare, Jules Cohen, Deschamps, etc., a brilliant generation of accomplished virtuosos and future composers, with which are directly connected the pupils of the following years: Guiraud, Paladilhe, Dubois, Fissot, Duvernoy, Salvayre, and many others, and it is not without a melancholy feeling that, when contemplating their living celebrity, I think of the glory, so soon ended, of Georges Bizet.

The new "Grand Prix de Rome" had valiantly earned his artistic holiday. A residence in the

Eternal City was the realization of his youthful dreams. His letters, of which I possess several from Rome, breathe an ardent love of art, as well as a lively and confident faith in the future. But there was a black spot obscuring the radiant horizon. The young composer's mother was in bad health, and very strong fears abridged his stay in Rome. It was written, however, that Providence should preserve some years longer, for her affectionate family, their worthy and courageous mother, so eager to devote herself to their happiness. On his return from Italy, Georges Bizet, while busying himself in looking about for a poem satisfying his aspirations and musical temperament, was wise enough to make a modest income by giving lessons in pianoforte playing, harmony, and singing, or by undertaking arrangements and reductions for the music publishers. This was a halt, but not a period of repose; it was a period for the concentration of the young composer's living force, so that he might make a breach in the stormy conflict of life, in which every one too frequently fights for himself alone, and a brother-in-arms, an old schoolfellow, rarely uses his influence and his connections for the comrade of one day who has become his rival on the next.

It is only right to state that, thanks to the intelligent and artistic initiative of the popular impresario, Jacques Offenbach, G. Bizet and Ch. Lecocq were bracketed as *ex æquo* to receive the prize for a buffo opera—*Le Docteur Miracle*. Bizet's work was a clever pasticcio in the old Italian style, containing several excellent pieces, and especially an exceedingly well-written *finale*; but this excursion into buffo composition was destined to be the only instance of Bizet's playing truant. His robust temperament and conscientious nature inclined him to treat impassioned subjects, really suitable for the stage. *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* offered him an interesting canvas, moving scenes, and an opportunity of proving his value as a musician. Despite some portions which were too long, the public must have recognized in so important a first work, a composer of style, capable of frank, true melodies, speaking his language with great facility, and able to make his inspiration bend to dramatic sentiment. Yet *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* scarcely reached fifty representations, despite the efforts of M. Carvalho, who had a presentiment that Georges Bizet was a lyrical musician. *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* was followed, some years later, by *La Jolie Fille de Perth*, the book being written by Saint-Georges, and very skillfully arranged for the stage. It was an easy task for musicians and sincere critics to note great progress, undeniable firmness of style, and, lastly, a more strongly marked individuality, real originality in the form of the pieces, and new effects of sonority as well in the choruses as in the orchestra. Thenceforward, and despite the half success of this highly meritorious work, Georges was in the first rank of new composers. The score of *Djamileh*, one act, for the Opéra Comique, was a charming work, dreamy, impassioned, and bearing the stamp of that Oriental morbidez which Félicien David and Ernest Reyer have so happily transferred, palpitating with life, to the delicious pages of *Lalla Roukh* and *La Statue*. Georges Bizet's work may, with due allowance for difference of proportions, take its place unchallenged side by side with these two masterpieces, and that without his having borrowed aught of the originality and peculiar style of the two masters of Orientalism. In the intervals between his larger creations, Bizet produced orchestral *suites*, fragments of symphonies, and a characteristic overture: *Patrie*. We must not forget to mention, also, his poetic score of *L'Arlesienne*. These orchestral and symphonic works, while proving the young composer's supple talent, rich imagination, and learning, afforded him, likewise, an opportunity of demon-

strating his great ability, his perfect tact in the art of orchestration and of musical color. He followed, within due bounds, and without allowing himself to be carried beyond the limits of good taste and a sense of the beautiful, the happy audacities of innovators; but, while admitting the grandeur of certain Wagnerian conceptions, he admired unreservedly the genial works of Verdi, and delighted in praising the ardent inspirations of that great master of Italian dramatic art. It is to be remarked that his predilection for the German and for the Italian school did not render him unjust towards our own national dramatic music. Auber, Halévy, Gounod, and Ambroise Thomas were to the last his favorite masters, and we have often heard him analyze, with the most sincere admiration, Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, of which, by the way, he left two remarkable transcriptions for the piano, the one two-handed and the other four-handed.

We are now nearing the happiest years of his life. After marrying Halévy's second daughter and becoming the father of a charming little girl, it was not long ere he was to know the delight of a real theatrical success. *Carmen*, a three-act work, which the Opéra Comique public, at first a little startled by the realism of the libretto, eventually applauded with enthusiasm, established his reputation on a solid basis, and justified his having received a short time previously the knight's cross of the Legion of Honor. *Carmen*, so warm and so full of color, at one and the same time original and frank in its inspired flights, soon became a modern stock-piece in France and abroad. But the already celebrated artist was about to be struck down in the midst of his triumph. Death came and seized him surrounded by those near and dear, by the side of his wife and in the arms of his friends, in his charming villa of Bougival, of which he was so fond, and whither he was always going to awaken inspiration. The catastrophe occurred the same year that *Carmen* achieved its success. *Carmen* was brought out in March, 1875. On the 3d of June, that same year, Bizet succumbed to acute heart disease, accelerated by the emotions he had gone through during the few preceding months. The emotion caused by the event was considerable, and the sorrow general. All who, like us, knew Bizet will bear evidence to the noble and generous qualities of his heart, as well as to the elevation and delicacy of his sentiments. Endowed with healthy and correct judgment and a rigid conscience, he would hear nothing of compromises; he entertained to a supreme degree a sense of justice and a horror of intrigue. Possessed of refined and ready wit, he shone in conversation with intimate friends by his amusing and original repartees, observations full of sense, and happy sayings. On his days of gaiety he delighted in maintaining paradoxical theses, after the manner of Méry. But in these games of wit he never employed irony. His sharp-pointed darts were always arms of courtesy with his friends, and, when he might with certainty have wounded, he was contented with indicating he had touched. He was good, generous, devoted and faithful in all his affections; his friendship, sincere and unalterable, was as solid as his conscience.

When a child, he was blond and ruddy, with a somewhat chubby but highly intelligent face. When a young man, his round features assumed a firmer character. His clear glance, open physiognomy, and smiling mouth, testified to great energy. Confidence was their predominant expression, and I still see him, despite the bitterness of his earlier dramatic essays, happy at living, and easy as to the future, cashing the joys and the glory he had so well deserved.

A. MARMONTEL.

[To be continued.]

THE LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—ITS LIBRARY.

ON account of alterations to be made in Exeter Hall, this fine old Oratorio Society is obliged to move into more narrow quarters. Its concerts for the present will be given in St. James's Hall, which does not afford accommodation for more than 200 choristers. *Figaro* tells us what is to become of its valuable library, as follows:—

The question, what is to be done with the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society when the Corporation of the city of London declined to take charge of it, has been solved. Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. have, in the most handsome manner, agreed to take care both of the library and the famous statue of Handel by Roubillac, and if at any time the Sacred Harmonic Society again has a habitation of its own, the goods will of course be restored. The Sacred Harmonic library is both a large and important one. It contains about 3,000 volumes, about 450 volumes of which are manuscripts. Among other rare printed works, it contains the *Sarum Missal* of 1527, and that of Ratisbon of 1518, much of the ecclesiastical music of Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, Willaert, and other writers of the Italian and Flemish schools; the *Cantiones* of Tallis and Byrd, the *Musica Deo Sacra* of Thomas Tomkins; the very rare and curious sheet published by Matthew Locke, containing his communion service, with the Kyrie set ten different times; Lowe's directions for the performance of Cathedral Service, and a perfect set of Barnard's *Selected Church Music*, published in 1641, said to be the first collection of English Cathedral music ever issued. First, or early editions, in type, of the "Psyche" of Matthew Locke, of many of Purcell's works, and the operas of Lully and other French composers, are also in the library. In specimens of madrigals by the great English madrigal writers of the 16th and 17th centuries, the Sacred Harmonic library is peculiarly rich, most of the specimens being original editions. The song collections of John Playford and his contemporaries of the days of the Commonwealth and Restoration down to the time of George I. are also included in the collection. The library also possesses a large quantity of music for the lute and other obsolete instruments, and particularly the rare "Book of Tablature," published in London by William Barley in 1596, with Gasparo Fiorini's "Nobilità di Roma," published in Venice, 1573, and the "Lautten Buch of Wolf Heckel," printed at Strasburg, 1562, exemplifying the different kinds of tablature for the lute in use in England, Italy, and Germany respectively. Indeed, from the point of view of musical typography, the library is one of the finest in the world, as it contains specimens of type-printed music produced in different countries and at various times during a period of upwards of three centuries. In the brief account of the library appended by Mr. Husk to the catalogue of 1862, it is stated that the collection includes specimens of the beautiful types used by the English-Flemish and English printers in the sixteenth century, the bold but less finished English and the rough Italian types of a succeeding age, and the rude German printing of the last century. Since then, large additions have been made to the printed portion of the library. Nearly 400 different English operas and other musical pieces, many of them unique, are now in the library, besides Starter's "Friesche Lusthof," published at Amsterdam in 1621; a "Bishop's Bible," dated 1585; and a collection (by no means complete) of musical literature and journals.

It is, however, in the manuscripts that the Sacred Harmonic library is the most valuable. It contains the vocal score of the "Elijah," mostly in the handwriting of the composer; the autograph of Auber's "Exhibition" march, autograph "services" and other works by Greene, Arnold, Samuel Wesley, Balef, Henry Purcell, Blow, Croft, Boyce, Arne, Durante, Clari, Geminiani, and others, for the most part never published. Among the manuscripts is also a complete opera by Joseph Haydn, entitled "Armida," in full score, and in the autograph of the composer. This work was, it seems by the brief but admirable account written by Mr. Husk,

sent to England by Haydn in fulfillment of an engagement entered into by him when in this country to furnish an opera for the King's Theatre, now Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket. During the interval between the making of the engagement and the sending the opera, an alteration had taken place in the management of the theatre. On the arrival of the work the new manager refused to receive it, and it was consequently never produced. There is also a curious manuscript score of an opera called "The Demon," which proves to be an adaption by Sir Henry Bishop, Tom Cooke, Hughes, and Corri, for performances at Drury Lane, of Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil." It is in instrumental score only, and is in the autograph of the adapters. A manuscript copy of Carey's "Dragon of Wantley," in the autograph of Thomas Barrow, one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, is also here. The full score of Blow's "A Song on New Year's Day, 1700," in the composer's autograph, is likewise here, together with the commonplace-book of John Stafford Smith, the cuttings from newspaper criticisms collected and pasted in books by John Parry between 1834 and 1848, with manuscript notes by him, and the whole of Professor Edward Taylor's unpublished lectures. These lectures (which should repay publication) comprise discourses on church and dramatic music, on Purcell's "King Arthur," on the Italian, Flemish, and German schools of music, on English vocal harmony, English vocal part music, and on English madrigal-writers.

The special autographs in the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society are curiosities, if they have no abiding interest. One is a letter from Franz Abt, asking for a ticket for a Handel Festival. A curious letter from Beethoven's brother Johann, dated Vienna, 24th of February, 1825, offers the right of publication in Great Britain, America, and England, of seven of Beethoven compositions (Op. 124 to 130) for sale for £40. There are two letters from Beethoven, one of them addressed to Herr von Holz, apprizing him of his discovery, after Holz had left his house on the previous evening, of some mislaid spoons which he had supposed lost, and his subsequent recovery of his equanimity. He invites Holz to dine with him on the following Sunday, when he would give him fuller explanations. By the tone of the letter, it is evident that crusty old Beethoven had accused, by implication, his friend of stealing the spoons, and wishes to remove the disagreeable impression he has created. The second letter is dated from Baden, July 10, 1813, to Herr Narena, in which he requests his friend to return his symphonies in C-minor and B-flat; his oratorio he did not immediately require, and thanking him for fifty florins. A letter of introduction sent by Donizetti to Sir Michael Costa is also here. A receipt by Orlando Gibbons, dated 24th February, 1617, for £10, a quarter's pension due to him as one of his Highness's musicians, is mutilated, only the initial of the signature being preserved. There is a letter from Handel dated October, 1723, to Francis Colman, British envoy at Florence, thanking him for negotiating the engagement of Senesino, the vocalist; and autograph letters or other documents of Attwood, William Ayrtton, Bishop, Boieldieu, Grétry, Hummel, Lully, Meyerbeer, Paer, Spontini (respecting a performance of portions of "La Vestale"), and Weber. A letter dated Paris, November 6, 1856, to Sir Michael Costa thanks the great conductor for the present of a Stilton cheese, and compliments him on the success of "Eli." Perhaps the most important manuscripts are, however, from Mendelssohn, and particularly two having special reference to the Sacred Harmonic Society. The first is written in English to his librettist, Mr. Bartholomew, and is dated May 11, 1846. He tells Mr. Bartholomew that the oratorio for the Birmingham Festival is "not the 'Athalie' nor the 'Œdipus,' of course, but a much greater, and, to him, more important work than both together. He says it is not yet quite finished; but that he writes continually to get it finished in time, and that he intends sending over the first part (the longer of the two it will have) in the course of the next ten or twelve days." We now know that the oratorio referred to was the

immortal "Elijah." He begs Mr. Bartholomew to try and find some leisure time towards the end of the month, that the chorus-parts may be in the hands of the chorus-singers as soon as possible. And he concludes by begging Mr. Bartholomew to give it his best English words, for he (Mendelssohn) feels so much more interest in this work than in any of the others, and he only wishes it may so last with him. Another letter from Mendelssohn accepts the invitation of the Sacred Harmonic Society to come over and conduct "Elijah" in April, 1847, though he cannot give a positive promise. Last of all, in the autographs is a letter from Nicolo Zingarelli, dated Naples 9th November, 1829, to Sir Michael Costa, inquiring as to the success of the cantata written by Zingarelli for and produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival in the preceding October. It is the charge of this work that brought Costa to England and, as we all know, after failing as a vocalist at this same Birmingham Festival, he remained here to become conductor at the King's Theatre, and laid the foundation of a fame which has lasted half a century.

THE "MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS."

Without counting the "extra" concerts when the later quartets of Beethoven are annually brought forward, the season recently closed brought the total performances to the number of seven hundred and twelve. Such a series of concerts, of the same character throughout, and under one director, is probably unique in the history of music. The programmes alone form an extensive library, and must have afforded to thousands the first opportunity of becoming acquainted with the lives of the great composers. Taking a glance at random through the volumes of two or three seasons, we find biographical sketches of Brahms, Gernsheim, Grieg, Raff, Rubinstein, and others of the modern school; Marcello, Leclair, Corelli, and others of more distant periods; while interesting notices of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and Mendelssohn—to say nothing of Bach and Handel—abound in almost every programme. Mr. Arthur Chappell has earned the gratitude of musicians, as well as an enduring niche in the temple of Fame, by his unprecedented achievement. It is unnecessary to write the history of these "Popular Concerts," for an interesting though brief account appears in the second volume (p. 352) of Doctor Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," which will, it is hoped, endure to inform future ages of the doings of the present.

As a generation has passed away since these concerts were established, and *The Musical Standard* was not then in existence, our readers will not perhaps think it is out of place, before examining the work accomplished, to have placed before them a brief account of the plan of the earlier seasons, from contemporary notices and personal recollections. The instrumental music will alone be considered, deferring notice of the artists engaged till a future time. The vocal selections we do not propose to notice.

The only musical journals in 1859, when the "Monday Popular Concerts" started, were the *Musical World* and the *Musical Times*; the latter not at that time the important and influential paper it now is, being devoted chiefly to the interests of choral societies, does not notice the performances till the commencement of the sixth season. To the *Musical World*, then, we must go for a description of the early days of this now celebrated institution. As stated in Grove's "Dictionary," the concerts were originally of a truly popular character, the "classical series" being a continuation of them, and regarded as an experiment—the last miscellaneous concert being held, February 7, 1859, and the first "classical" taking place on the Monday following. The notice in the *Musical World* of February 12, 1859, of the last "popular" is amusing:—"The

success of these concerts is undoubted. Hypercritics may object to them on the ground that they are calculated to please, not to enlighten or elevate the hearers. The directors, we take it, have no ulterior object beyond that of gratifying the general public, and thus honestly filling their own pockets. They resign to the Philharmonics, to the London Musical Society, and other institutions of the kind, the task of instructing through the medium of amusement, and only claim credit for carrying out their intentions in perfect consonance with these principles. Their aim is to render their entertainments popular—no more. For this purpose they invariably engage for each concert one or more artists of celebrity. A name like that of Arabella Goddard, or Sims Reeves, is attraction sufficient to fill the hall. If the hall be filled, and the people pleased, the captious critic becomes a secondary consideration. The success the popular concerts have achieved is a proof of their necessity. Besides, are we not to have a Mendelssohn selection on Monday?" The following extracts from the director's advertisement puts a different face upon the matter:—"In commencing a new series of entertainments, the design of which may be understood by reference to the programme of this evening, the Directors of the Monday Popular Concerts wish to endow their undertaking with a more universal character than it has hitherto assumed. The advantages offered by St. James's Hall, and the resources placed at their disposal by the generous patronage they have experienced, will, it is confidently hoped, enable them to carry out their plans with success. So rapidly is the taste for pure and healthy music spreading through all classes of the community, that no enterprize of this kind can hope to prosper for any length of time, much less to attain a solid permanency, without taking this great social fact into consideration." . . . "It will be perceived that the programme of this evening's concert is made out from compositions, vocal and instrumental, by one master (Mendelssohn). In its exclusive application to chamber-music, the experiment may claim to be regarded as in some measure new; and so rich is the catalogue of vocal and instrumental works bequeathed to us by the great composers in this special branch of their art, so marked by sterling excellence, and so undeserving of neglect, that, backed by the suffrages of the public, the Directors of the Monday Popular Concerts have no doubt whatever of being able to present a succession of entertainments unprecedented at least in variety of attraction."

The programme of the first concert was repeated, in part, at the five hundredth, January 18, 1875, and will bear a further quotation;—Quintet in B flat, Op. 87, strings; Sonata in F minor, Op. 4, pianoforte and violin; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, organ; Quartet in D, Op. 44, No. 1, strings; Tema con variazioni in D, Op. 17, pianoforte and violoncello; Fugue in B flat (from the Magnificat), organ. The organ-pieces were omitted in 1875. From the date of this "Mendelssohn" concert to the present day, the "popular" element—in the common acceptance of the word—has disappeared; but the directors' estimate of public taste has been fully justified by the support their enterprise has received; and "popular" the concerts still remain. A "Mozart" night was given on Monday, February 21, 1859, and the *Musical World* devotes a leader to the subject, from which we quote the opening paragraph:—"The Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall have taken a turn which promises excellent results. The directors have, at length, condescended to assume for granted—however much against their inward conviction—that the public generally is not an aggregate of dolts, with ears wholly insensible to

the influence of divine harmony. They have condescended to admit just so much, and begun to act upon the admission extorted from them 'à rebrousse poil.' To their surprise, no doubt (if not to their satisfaction), the two concerts already given, at which nothing but good music was allotted to either singer or player, proved eminently successful. To their astonishment, perhaps, (if not to their satisfaction), the quintets, quartets, and sonatas, not only pleased the multitude, but were heard with greater attention, and applauded with greater enthusiasm, than anything else. In short, most probably to their utter consternation (if not to their satisfaction), the two so-called 'classical' concerts threw all that had preceded them into the shade—and this without the aid of great names, but solely on account of the musical attractions *quand même*." This is rather cruel, after the remarks by the critic first quoted. The next concert was devoted to Haydn and Weber. Beethoven filled the programmes of March 7, 21, and 28; the Mozart selection being repeated at an extra concert, on Wednesday, March 9. The original series of six concerts was extended; Bach and Handel being represented April 4; Mendelssohn again on the 18th; and an "English" night on the following Monday; the season terminating with another Beethoven night, May 30th. As, though the directors felt parting to be "such sweet sorrow," they announced another extra concert for June 27. We were present for the first time on that occasion, and heard a Sonata, by Dussek, for piano-forte and violin (Op. 69), the themes from which still "haunt the ear." The second season commenced November 14, 1859, and was continued till July 2, 1860. The arrangements were generally the same; evenings being devoted chiefly to one composer. There were two "Italian" nights, and one more "English" night, April 9, 1860—the last, unhappily. The next few seasons presented the same features—the fourth being prolonged to July 29, 1862; two concerts taking place on consecutive evenings, owing to large numbers being unable to obtain admission to the director's benefit, July 7. The fifth season began October 13, 1862, with the one hundred and third concert from the commencement. The seventh season did not begin till January 16, 1865. Morning performances, on the Saturday—now a permanent feature—were introduced this year. The remaining period is sufficiently familiar, and requires no particular notice. In another article attention will be directed to the works performed, and the number of composers represented.—*Lond. Mus. Standard*, Aug. 7.

THE LETTERS OF BERLIOZ.

The letters of Hector Berlioz to Humbert Ferrand prove that the composer's memoirs do not tell the whole story. Like other Paris critics, Berlioz draws a sharp line between written and spoken truth. His letters to Ferrand contain the latter. What has so far appeared in Madame Juliette Adam's (Lambers) *Nouvelle Revue* and in the *Neue Freie Presse* is indescribable, and there is more to come, unless Charles Gounod prefers not to edit the rest. Berlioz was haunted by the idea that he must be wretched, ever in love, and constantly changing. In February, 1830, a few days after he had fallen in love with Harriet Smithson, while she acted *Ophelia*, he writes: "Horrible! Could she but comprehend for one moment the poetry and infinity of such love, she would rush into my arms and die of my kisses." A mere rumor then led him to execrate the same woman, to vilify her name, and to begin another affair. Both his love and his hatred he invariably desires to express by an orchestra and chorus of not less than two hundred and fifty performers. By way of contrast, Beethoven's

"Adelaide" may be recalled, and Mozart's musical glorification of Konstanze. From Florence he writes: "Saw an opera here, Romeo and Juliet, written by a dirty little pig called Bellini—mind you, I saw it, and the Shades of Shakespeare did not appear to destroy these Myrmidons!" When a Roman Music dealer was unable to show him anything of Weber, Berlioz wrote: "Do what? Sigh?—Childish. Gnash my teeth?—Trivial. Patience?—Still worse. One must concentrate all poison within, let nothing evaporate, let it ferment until the heart cracks."

October, 1833, after he had married Harriet, he writes: "I kept my faith in defiance of you all, and my faith has saved me." He had to borrow three hundred francs to pay his marriage expenses; but he pretended for once to be happy, and when he wanted to please his bride he sang to her from the same *Symphonie Fantastique* which he had written to execrate her. She liked Auber's music, whereupon Berlioz remarks that her taste is not good, but yet lovely. A few weeks before his marriage he abandoned Harriet again, and wrote: "To make this terrible separation bearable an unheard-of accident led a poor girl of eighteen into my arms. . . . If she loves me, I shall crush a little love out of my heart and imagine that I love her. What a foolish novel!" In 1841, he writes: "They talk of giving me Habeneck's place; but they would have to place him in the Conservatory where old Cherubini is sleeping persistently. When I am old and incapable the management of the Conservatory cannot slip away from me." In 1841 he says: "France is getting duller and duller in musical matters; the more I see of foreign countries, the less I like France. Pardon this blasphemy, but 'art in France is dead, rotting.'" At Brunswick he was given a public dinner; a hundred leading men were present, he wrote, so you can imagine the feeding. "Victor Hugo is raving because he is not emperor, that's all," he writes in 1853; "I am a thorough imperialist. I shall never forget that the Emperor has redeemed us from that dirty and lunatic republic. In matters of art, he is a barbarian, but the barbarian is a savior—and Nero was an artist."

In 1864 he wrote: "I have heard enchanting little Patti as Martha; as I left I felt like covered with fleas, and sent word to the dear child that I should pardon her singing such platitudes at me, but could do no more for her. Fortunately the work contains 'The Last Rose of Summer' which she sang with so much poetic simplicity that the sweet fragrance is almost enough to disinfect the rest of the opera." When Scudo of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* died insane, Berlioz remarked that his rival and enemy had been crazy for fifteen years. In 1862, when quite ill, he asked innocently: "Must we suffer all this because we have adored the beautiful for a lifetime? Very likely." In May, 1854, he wrote: "A part of our little musical circle is mourning; so am I; the rest is merry because Meyerbeer is dead." In 1833 he wrote of himself; one day good, quiet, pensive, poetic; the next day sick, annoyed, doggish, malicious like a thousand devils, and ready to spit out life were there not prospects of some possible intoxication, friends, music and curiosity. My life is a novel in which I take much interest." This he wrote in his honeymoon; he might have written it on the eve of his death. His life is a sensational novel à la Zola, but he never read it, he never understood it, and it never did him any good. Like Byron, he thought it bliss to look extremely unhappy. He wanted to be sick with Chateaubriandism, Wertherism, Shelleyism, Byronism—with all the most civilized products of the century that usually sicken him whom they need not in the least concern.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1880.

WHAT LACK WE YET?

OUR good town of Boston has a certain pride in what is called æsthetic culture. If we do not all plume ourselves upon being artists, we at least have an idea that we are something rather *hors ligne* as intelligent art-patrons. We are not, as a rule, a close-fisted people, and although we do not claim to be more munificent than our neighbors, we have been brought up to fancy that when we give our thousands or hundreds of thousands to establish, or enrich any art institution, we may possibly do so a thought more intelligently than they. Be this as it may, we certainly have this in common with other American cities, that so soon as we are thoroughly persuaded that we really want a good thing, the means of getting it — that is, the money — comes quite easily, almost of itself, as it were.

Thus, we wanted a large music-hall, well situated, architecturally fine, and of good acoustic properties. No sooner said than done; the Music Hall was built.

We wanted a large and expensive organ, and we got one which leaves nothing to be desired, either in point of size or expensiveness.

We wanted an art museum, and we have it. We had only to assure ourselves of the reality of our want, and to assure our moneyed fellow-citizens of its reasonableness, and the dollars poured in as fast as we could desire.

Now we have another very crying want, and it is rather odd, by the way, that just this want has been so long in formulating itself in Boston, of all cities in the Union, — *we want an orchestra*.

One would have said that, if Boston were anything in an artistic way, she was musical; notwithstanding the noble array of Boston names which are famous in the annals of Painting and Sculpture, our chief æsthetic pride has been that we are — almost *par excellence* — the musical city of the United States. Yet we neither have, nor ever have had, an established orchestra.

Remember: an orchestra is not merely a large or small body of musicians playing together at this or that concert after a few preliminary rehearsals. It is a body of musicians who play and rehearse together from one end of the season to the other. Its members do not play various stringed and wind instruments in as various military bands and theatres or ball-room orchestras, and meet together *en masse* only when some grand concert is to be given, to be dispersed again after the concert. In a real orchestra the members play together all the time, every week and every day.

We have for years had most excellent material for an orchestra at easy command, although this material is yearly growing smaller, and more difficult to concentrate; but we have never had a real orchestra.

The reason? An orchestra costs money, a great deal of money. But this is not the whole reason, neither is it an insurmountable obstacle in the way of our having one.

One thing is certain: without a standard orchestra we shall die out of the musical world. Boston has already fallen behind New York and Cincinnati as a musical centre, simply and solely for want of an orchestra; and, if things go on in the same course, we shall soon sink to the level of the mere musical provincialism of Baltimore or Portland. An orchestra is the musical focus of a city; it is idle to say that we can have Mr. Thomas's admirable and admirably drilled body of players whenever we want it. Admitting that we can; an orchestra, no matter how superb it

may be, that is attached to our city only by so many miles of telegraph wire can never become a musical focus.

How are we to get an orchestra of our own, for that is what we need?

By paying for it. Nothing more or less. But how? Aye, there's the rub!

It is very evident that we cannot look to the general concert-going public merely. An orchestral fund can only be raised by appealing to individual munificence; by large subscriptions and donations. An orchestra is too expensive a machine to be purely self-supporting; it cannot, especially in the beginning, live on "gate-money." Still less can it be established and founded upon the mere hope of possible "gate-money." It must rest upon a *foundation*, in every sense of the term.

The question is: Can our moneyed men, our merchant princes and millionaires, be got to give their money, and give it freely for this object? Well, they have given before now to other artistic objects not more worthy than this one. Take for instance, the Art Museum.

It is not necessary for a rich man, inclined to be munificent, to have an individual sympathy with the object of his donation. He needs only to be satisfied of its worthiness, its utility, and above all things that it is something tangible. He very naturally wishes you to show him some tangible and permanent equivalent for his expenditure; in other words to get his money's worth. He knows the value of his money better than any one else, and is not willing to see it wasted on chimeras. It is a mistake to think that he has a prejudice against music; look at the great organ! he gave his money readily enough for that.

But on the other hand, look at the Harvard Musical Association. This most excellent society has never been able to lay hands on any money that did not come from the annual assessment of its members, or from its Symphony Concerts. It has not been the recipient of large donations. Why? Because the Harvard Musical Association has stood in the public mind as the representative of a merely abstract idea, of a certain musical tendency. Its object has been to raise the standard of musical taste, to preserve, as far as might be, the purity of musical tradition, to present the public with finely constructed programmes. True, its *desire* has been to found an orchestra, but it has never had the means of setting to work. How much money does any one suppose would have been given by individual capitalists to a society for the improvement of artistic taste in painting and sculpture? Not much, surely. But a great deal of money was given to found an art museum.

Now an orchestra is something tangible. When once formed, it has a corporeal existence, and has at least the possibility of permanency. Ask a man to give his money to found an orchestra, and you can show him some tangible equivalent for his giving something that, whether he be musical or not, he can feel sure is more solid than smoke, and which can make him realize the fact that he has been in truth a public benefactor.

When the Harvard Musical Association established its symphony concerts, one cannot help feeling that it began at the wrong end. It said: "We want concerts of good music." It should have said: "We want an orchestra that can play any music." The symphony concerts are a great deal that is good, and very little that is bad, but they have the fault of hovering in mid-air; they rest on nothing solid. Take away the fifty musicians who play on the Music Hall platform, and they fall to the ground at once. But an organized orchestra is something solid; no matter to what uses it may be put — whether to the playing

of waltzes and potpouris, or to the rendering of Beethoven symphonies, it is still there, with its powers and energies unimpaired, a never-failing stand-by in all emergencies, a centre of musical force. Let it play quadrilles in a beer-garden for six nights in the week, on the seventh it is ready for symphonies and overtures.

It is unquestionably to this object that our rich fellow-citizens should now give their money. If the Harvard Musical Association comes forward and asks for donations, and large ones too, for this purpose, we think that it will not be disappointed. Who indeed should be better trusted to spend money intelligently for this object than it? Only, if it does ask it, let it assure every one it asks that the orchestra itself is to be the main and only object; that everything shall be done to keep up the orchestra when it is once organized; that it shall be made as self-supporting as possible, and that its existence shall not be sacrificed to the fighting out of any special principle. If it has to live by playing "popular" music, it can still live for playing the very highest music. So long as it really exists it can do anything. W. F. A.

MUSICAL ADVERTISING.

Time was when musicians were hired lackeys in great men's households; now they are not only their own masters, but are, in appearance at least, masters of a good many people beside themselves. The arts are making fortune, as the French say. Musicians — composers and performers — are now kings and princes in comparison to what they used to be; yet their kingship rests upon very singular foundations. One would think that if any man were king over men "by the grace of God," that man was the heaven-inspired composer. But if we look a little curiously into the situation, we find that his mastery is far more of the democratic sort, and that his reputation — in other words, his title to office — rests, to a great extent, upon more or less universal suffrage. It is difficult to find a musician who is not, to a greater or less degree, a party leader or a prominent party adherent. It is to the strength and enterprise of his constituents that he owes much of his own material strength.

An artist now-a-days is not only a man who makes money, but one out of whom a great deal of money can be made. In all communities where the ballot-box plays a part in political machinery, a man wins the suffrages of his constituents, not so much as a mark of personal esteem and admiration, but because his constituents believe him to be at once more willing and competent to further their own interests than any one else.

Just so a large proportion of the loud admirers of certain composers and performers are men who are anxious to make money out of them. Most of us remember that great patriotic procession from Boston to Bunker Hill, on June 17, 1876. At first sight it looked like a pure expression of veneration of the heroes of the Revolution and of renewed fraternity between North and South, shaking hands over the bloody chasm. But upon closer examination it was found that a good half of that brilliant procession was nothing more than a gorgeous phantasmagory of bakers', brewers' and shoemakers' advertisements. One-half of our fellow-citizens shouted praises to the Spirit of '76, while the other half pasted advertisements all over her wings.

A prominent composer of to-day may imagine himself to be an æsthetic world-power, and the recipient of the unrestrained homage of men, while he is in reality looked upon by many in the crowd merely as a successful advertising medium. He is covered all over with flaming placards. It would be well, in one sense, if artists went about with a strip of paper pasted on their foreheads, bearing the inscription "Stick no bills!"

There are many musical journals in Germany, and each one extols a particular composer. Every new work he produces is declared to be epoch-making. The world stands astonished at this enormous quantity of epoch-making compositions, until it finds out that the musical journal which proclaims these works as divine is edited by the very firm that publishes them. *Hinc illæ—jubilationes!*

Does the composer imagine that these laudatory articles show that the writers appreciate his genius at its full value? Perhaps he may; but they really show that the writers appreciate at its full value his power of advertising their publishing-house. Business is business. But this advertising system has one unfortunate result, and that is, that if you look for sound criticism on contemporary music in Germany, you must *not* look for it in the musical press, but in the larger daily papers.

What are nine pianists out of ten, to-day, but walking advertisements of pianoforte manufacturing houses? Of course it is dinned into your ears that So-and-so is the greatest living pianist, but even that consoling announcement is made secondary to the all-important fact that he plays upon the Such-and-such pianoforte. And yet it is hinted that So-and-so, in spite of his being the greatest living performer, could not earn his bread and butter without allowing himself to be used as a show-card.

Kings and princes? No! Musicians, from being rich men's hired lackeys, are fast becoming the servants of ingenious speculators. They wear crowns made of newspaper and adorned with gaudy job-print. It is only years and years after their death that they are placed upon ideal thrones, when their works have had time to prove their divine greatness, as saints in the Roman Church are canonized only after their relics have worked indisputable miracles. W. F. A.

MR. MASON IN JAPAN.

TOKIO, July 21, 1880.

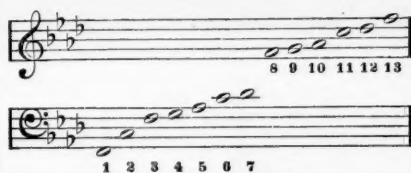
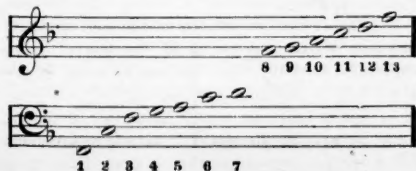
JOHN S. DWIGHT, ESQ. —

Dear Sir, — If I recollect rightly, you are one of the trustees of the Perkins' Institute for the Blind. My object in writing you is to obtain specimens of printed music for the blind, also of all elementary instructions in music. They have an institution for the blind here on a small scale, not supported by the government. While I am here I desire to do what I can for them. I have as a pupil a blind man, who is the best performer and teacher of the Cota, their harp of thirteen strings, in Japan.

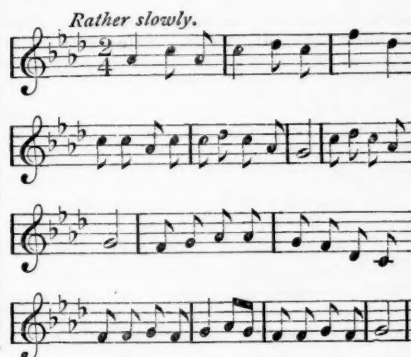
Their most scholarly musicians seem to have no scientific knowledge of harmony. I have seven of the court musicians, all young men, as pupils in singing and harmony. Our simplest ideas of harmony seem to open a new world to them for the study of music. My work thus far has been in the two Government Normal schools and in the training school connected with them. So I have had about five hundred boys and girls, corresponding in their ages to our primary and grammar schools, to work with. I can say that my success for the time and under the circumstances (less than four months and knowing but little of the language) has been the best I ever experienced.

I will not speak of my special work in the schools, but will briefly mention some of the most important things which I met with, and how I manage to get over the difficulties which come in my path.

I found that their two scales, in which the Cota was tuned, contained each five sounds, one in F-major, 4th and 7th omitted, and F-minor.



This is the key and scale in which they mostly sing. I enclose a melody of one of their most cheerful songs, a New Year's song, sung by everybody high and low, men, women and children, all over the empire. It has twelve verses, one for each month in the year.



This is a favorite way of ending their songs. If the Cota be tuned in F-major, the above cannot be played.

In the Girls' Normal School, which is patronized by her Majesty, the Empress, the court musicians taught this kind of singing, while I was trying to teach in our scale. I found it very difficult to get the young ladies to sing 3 and 4 and 7 and 8, and mentioned the fact to the authorities upon the different scales. They then wished to know which I thought was the true scale. I replied that I had not come to Japan to decide matters of that kind, but suggested that, as they had a first-class Professor of Physics in the University, I had no doubt that he could decide the matter upon scientific principles. They seemed to jump at that suggestion, and arranged that Professor Mendenhall should be invited to give a course of lectures upon the subject of sound, especially illustrating the musical scale, and the harmonic relation of sounds; which he did in three lectures.

Professor M., having all the apparatus for this purpose, was entirely successful in his demonstrations. The result was that it decided the whole matter: (1), that their scale had not even been submitted to scientific treatment; (2), that they had not included the idea of the harmonic relation of sounds in their system. At these lectures they took good care to have all the Japanese musicians of note in the capital invited, including the court musicians. A large number attended. From this time I had my hands full. The musicians come to me to learn about our scale and about harmony.

A commission was appointed by the educational department, to decide (1), as to the scale; (2), as to nomenclature; (3), as to the poetry to be furnished me to set to music for all grades of schools. This commission consists of three of their literary men, and one blind musician, the Cota-player, whom I have mentioned, Mr. Isawa, and myself, including my interpreter. We have met three times a week and spend about three hours each time. The first hour is taken up by my giving a course of lessons based on our system of music and in our notation. They copy all my exercises from the blackboard, and then go to work with their songs or words for songs.

By the above you may get some idea as to what I am trying to do. Every thing seems to proceed with an excellent spirit, and I feel very much encouraged in every respect, for I feel that, if I do not progress very far, we are working in the right direction; and I feel that you would approve our course.

Yours truly, L. W. MASON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Of the operatic outlook last Sunday's *Herald* tells us:

In the absence of an established operatic season, such as New York has enjoyed the last two years, Boston will during the coming months enjoy a series of short visits from nearly a dozen different organizations for the presentation of Italian, French and English grand opera, as well as opera comique and opera bouffe. The list of companies expected during the season includes the "Boston Ideal," Manager Mapleson's, the Strakosch and Hess and Emma Abbott English, the Gilbert and Sullivan company, with the new and unnamed work of those notable workers, the Aimée and Soldene opera bouffe, the De Beauplan and Grau French, the Roosevelt English, Mahn's "Boccaccio," the Bijou, the Flora E. Barry company, and an organization for Italian opera, headed by Sig. Tagliapietra, now being formed. The "Ideal" company will open at the Boston Theatre late in the season and present "The Pirates," "Chimes of Normandy," "Bohemian Girl," in addition to their former repertoire, with Mary Beebe, Marie Stone, Adelaide Phillips, and Messrs. M. W. Whitney, W. H. MacDonald, Tom Karl, W. H. Fessenden, H. C. Barnabee and George W. Frothingham as the leading soloists. The Mapleson company come to the Boston Theatre Dec. 27, for two weeks, and will, undoubtedly, make the entrée of Mme. Gerster the leading event, and Boito's "Mefistofele" and "Rienzi" the novelties of the season. The Strakosch and Hess English Opera Company open at the Globe Theatre Nov. 15, for a single week, producing first in America Boito's "Mefistofele" with Mme. Marie Roze as Margherita. The Emma Abbott English company come to the Globe Theatre during the latter part of the season, and, with a repertoire including "Romeo and Juliet," "Lover's Pilgrimage," "Merry Wives of Windsor," as its novelties, will introduce Sig. Brignoli in English opera. Beyond the fact that the new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan will be first presented in this city at the Globe Theatre, nothing is known as to this promised new composition.

—Of the singing societies we learn from the same source:

The opening concerts to be given by the Handel and Haydn Society will serve as the leading events in the dedicatory week of the rebuilt Tremont Temple, a performance of "The Messiah" being announced for the evening of Monday, Oct. 11, and one of "Elijah" on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 13. Miss Lillian Bailey makes her entrée to the Boston concert hall on the former occasion, singing the soprano rôle. The other soloists will be Miss Emily Winant, contralto, William J. Winch, tenor, and Mr. M. W. Whitney, bass. For the "Elijah" the soloists have not been fully decided upon, but Messrs. John Winch and Charles R. Adams and Miss Emily Winant will probably be heard on that occasion. For the regular season of the society there have been plans made for four performances, "The Messiah" at Christmas, Mozart's "Requiem Mass," and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," a month later, selections from Bach's "Passion Music" at good Friday.

The Cecilia Club programme for the season is full of attractions, and promises a far more enjoyable series of concerts than have been given the last few seasons. The works to be given by this organization are cantatas by Bach and Grieg, two motets by Beethoven, Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," Liszt's "Die Glocken des Strassburger," Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," Mendelssohn's "Loreley" and Schumann's "Faust," all with full orchestral accompaniment, to which rare array of attractions will be added four unaccompanied psalms of Mendelssohn. It is quite possible that these concerts will be given in the new Tremont Temple.

The absence (in Europe) of the conductor of the Boylston Club, Mr. George L. Osgood, has made it impossible as yet to arrange the season's programme for this organization. Mr. Osgood will unquestionably bring with him more or less novelties for the Boylston singers on his return late this month, and the notably choice selections included in the concerts of this club the last few years ensure an equally interesting series of performances the coming season.

—The Old Bay State course of entertainments will begin on Thursday evening, Sept. 27, with a concert by Miss Annie Louise Cary and the Temple Quartet Glee Club, and subsequent evenings will be filled with a reading of "Midsummer Night's Dream" by George Riddle, with all of Mendelssohn's music by the Philharmonic orchestra; and concerts by the Theodore Thomas orchestra; Marie Roze and the Listemann concert company; the Ideal opera concert company, consisting of a double quartet of the principals; the Mendelssohn quintet club and Lillian Bailey and George Henschel as soloists; the Barnabee concert company; and readings by Prof. Churchill and Miss Cayvan. At some of the entertainments Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sherwood, pianists, will appear, and Miss Fanny Kellogg will also be heard in this course.

—First among the miscellaneous concerts of the season come those announced by Manager Peck for the evenings of Oct. 4 and 8, and the afternoon of Oct. 9, by Miss Annie Louise Cary, Wilhelmj, Joseffy and the Temple Quartet.

MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON. Mr. Henry C. Lunn writes, in the *Musical Times* (Aug. 1):

The rise of new Associations for the practice and promotion of music is a sure indication of the growing interest in the art. The London Musical Society, under distinguished patronage, has this season given a concert of the utmost interest; and there can be no question that as this Society appeals not to the general public for encouragement, the professed object it has in view—that of performing high-class works, either ancient or modern, and of any country—will be carried out. The Bach Society, too, continues its career of usefulness, under the conductorship of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt; and amongst the Societies in other parts of the metropolis we may mention the Borough of Hackney Choral Association (which, since Mr. Ebenezer Prout has assumed the conductorship, has grown into the greatest importance), the Hampstead Choral Society, so ably directed by the founder, Mr. Willem Coenen, and the Highbury Philharmonic Society, placed under the efficient conductorship of Dr. Bridge; many others, however, deserving the warmest praise for their zeal, not only in presenting compositions of recognized worth, but in performing new works which, but for the existence of such institutions, would scarcely obtain a hearing.

We think it may now be safely said that the anticipated dissolution of the Sacred Harmonic Society will be averted. Exeter Hall, it is believed, will undergo such extensive alterations that the concerts of the Society will probably not be given there next season, but the following year it is hoped that they will be resumed in the old locality; and we sincerely trust that the conservative policy which has for so many years ruled supreme at the councils of this Association will at least be slightly relaxed in the future. It is true that the works of one living composer have annually a place in the programmes of the concerts; but there are many others anxiously waiting, and the Sacred Harmonic Society may not only do good to the art, but benefit its funds, by admitting their claim to a hearing. The concerts this season have been quite up to the usual standard.

—ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND. *The Musical World* (July 17) says:—

Some very interesting proceedings in connection with this college took place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, but before noticing them in detail, it may be well to state precisely the objects of the Institution and the means by which they are attained. According to the just issued report of the energetic Principal, Mr. F. J. Campbell, a misconception exists on this vital point, it being often supposed that the College is an academy of music and nothing more, consequently that, as in an academy of music, only persons with special gifts can be received, its field of operations is a restricted one. But, in reality, the charity exists specially as a normal school for the training of blind teachers, and generally as a place where blind persons are fitted, by thorough physical, mental, and artistic development, for the task of earning their own living. Its doors are open, therefore, to all afflicted with loss of sight, and its mission appeals to a universal sympathy with those whom hard fate has deprived of a precious sense. The instruction afforded at the college is carried on in four departments. First comes that of general education; next, that of special training for teacher's work; next, that of the science and practice of music; and last, that of pianoforte tuning. In addition, particular regard is paid to such physical exercises as tend to encourage confidence and independence, even skating on ice or concrete being part of the regular course. But while the charity thus seeks to render the widest possible service to blind persons, its usefulness is, perhaps, more apparent in the department of music than in any other. For some mysterious reason, loss of sight is often partially compensated by susceptibility to the influence of music, and skill in the practice of the art. It follows that a blind school anywhere must be, in a particular sense, a school of music. The Royal Normal College is such a school, and its "Annual Prize Festival" on Saturday last was, with entire propriety, a musical demonstration. The latest report contains some interesting facts illustrative of the good already done in preparing pupils, musical and other, for the work of life. We read of an ex-scholar "successfully engaged in the coal trade at Belfast;" of another who emigrated to Canada, and is doing well as a pianoforte tuner; of two others who have established themselves as music publishers, etc., in Glasgow; of three young ladies who are employed under the School Board for London at good salaries; of a youth who is earning his bread as an organist; of two young ladies, still

connected with the college, who are more than self-supporting; and so on to the number of forty-five out of fifty-five whom the college has sent forth into the world. The percentage of successes is a high one, and it is impossible to read the details given in the report without pleasure.

But the highest value of those details lies in the testimony they give as to the thoroughness of the training imparted by Mr. Campbell and his assistants. Blind persons compete at enormous disadvantage with those who can see, and to equalize their conditions in any tolerable measure, the education of the blind must be as painstaking and as thorough as possible. This necessity is amply recognized at the Normal College, for proof of which take the department of music. Not only do the pupils receive the ordinary instruction, but the professors of the pianoforte (Mr. Hartvigson), and of the organ (Mr. Hopkins), give weekly recitals throughout the year, at which classical compositions are systematically analyzed and performed. In twelve months 645 different pieces were thus brought to the knowledge of the pupils by Mr. Hartvigson. Nor is this all. The young people are themselves required to give recitals from time to time. A weekly rehearsal of the music under study takes place, and by frequent attendance at the Crystal Palace concerts the highest forms of creative and executive art are made familiar.

As a result of so much thoroughness we find the examiners in music dwelling with emphasis upon the attainments of the scholars. They tell us of a lad who played Bach's organ fugue in B-minor "excellently," and gave an account of its construction, after having had the copy "only a few days." We read also, of a young lady, Miss Amelia Campbell, who could play by itself alone any one of the four "voices" in Bach's C-major fugue—an achievement nothing short of wonderful under the circumstances. The examiners (Messrs. Manns and Stainer) say further: "Regarding the principles on which the various teachers seem to develop the reproductive powers of musical art of their sightless pupils, frequent and searching questions put to the latter, sometimes at the cost of interrupting their performance, placed the fact beyond a doubt that they are made as familiar with the notation and the practical details of the compositions they perform as if they had not the sad experience and heavy labor of gaining information under the deprivation of one of the most important 'doors of the mind.'" Better testimony to success than this could neither be given nor desired.

According to the balance-sheet issued last September, the financial state of the charity is good, the excess of receipts over expenditure for the nine months then ending being £1,394. This, however, is due to a self-sacrificing economy which may be measured when we state that the total cost of the educational department during that period was but £1,138, while the expenses of management amounted to no more than £140. A charity so administered should, by preference, be helped, and we need scarcely say that further assistance in this particular case would meet with thankful acknowledgment. The property of the college is mortgaged to the extent of £12,000, and the executive committee—of whom Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P., acts as chairman—have, no doubt, good reasons to say that "the annual interest on this sum is a heavy strain upon the income of the college." The friends of the institution, however, look forward to a time when it will be self-supporting. There is room in the present building for 120 pupils, and were these forthcoming, "the annual income would, from scholarships and fees, cover the expenditure." That the empty places will soon be filled we have every reason to hope. The patronage liberally bestowed upon the college by members of the Royal Family, the influence untiringly exerted in its favor by the president, his Grace the Duke of Westminster, K.G., and many other distinguished persons, and the effect inseparable from such proof of good work done as is occasionally given, cannot fail to raise the institution to the place it deserves.

—KATHARINE STEPHENS. A correspondent writes to ask me the date of the death of Miss Stephens, who became the Countess of Essex. Happily the lady is still alive, and although nearly blind, her great age sits upon her as lightly as it should upon one who has led a useful and spotless life. Katharine Stephens was born on September 18, 1794, and in 1807 she studied music under a forgotten teacher, Lanza. It was during 1807 and 1812 that she sang under articles to this Lanza at Bath, Bristol, and Southampton, and also at the London concert-hall then called the Pantheon, but now used as wine and spirit vaults. The lady's first appearance in London, therefore, dates back about seventy years. Sixty-eight years ago we find her playing the part of *Mandane* in Arne's "Artaxerxes," and such characters as *Clara* in the

"Duenna," and *Polly* in the *Beggars' Opera*," at the old Covent Garden Theatre. Sixty-six years ago she was singing at the Ancient Concerts, and afterwards at Drury Lane (then a comparatively new) Theatre. More than half a century since she declined an engagement at the King's Theatre (now Her Majesty's) to succeed Catalani, and in 1838, after a public career of 31 years, Miss Katharine Stephens became the second wife of the fifth Earl of Essex. On her marriage she of course retired from the stage. The Earl died in 1839 without issue, and his widow has since resided at the family mansion in Eaton Square. After a public career of thirty-one years the Countess of Essex has enjoyed a retirement of forty-two years, and is still, at the advanced age of eighty-six, in fair health. One of her few contemporaries who seemed likely to survive her was Planche, who was, of course, one of her oldest friends.—*Figaro*.

—*Figaro* quotes the following testimony in favor of London rather than Milan as the best place for students in the art of singing:—

Signor Brocolini (Mr. John Clarke, of Brooklyn), well known on the operatic stage here, has been giving his experiences of matters musical in various parts of Europe. Signor Brocolini first studied in Italy, and he gives a horrible, but by no means over-drawn, picture of the dangers to which young English and American girls are subjected in Milan:—

"What should be exposed is the extortion practised on students in Italy by the operatic managers. Just before the commencement of the season they would come to Milan, visit the different professors of music, and inform themselves concerning those pupils who desired to make a debut. The price which the debutante was to pay would be fixed according to the amount of money which he or she could command. After one or two nights the manager would have the singer hissed by the audience, and making that an excuse for dismissal, would engage another debutante who had more money, perhaps. The whole system was connected with extortion and abuse. Lady students, especially, were hounded by the sycophantic Italian nobility, and I knew of one case in which an American lady having refused to receive calls from a Baron, the latter would order his carriage, which was well known, to be kept standing in front of the lady's residence till two or three o'clock in the morning."

Signor Brocolini next discussed the relative advantages of study in London over Italy. He said:—

"I should advise all young people to study in London. The only advantage to be found in Italy is the opportunity for studying and practising the language. In London you can have the finest teachers in every branch of the art. There are, for instance, Profs. Deacon and William Shakespeare, and also Madame Dolby, one of the most successful teachers of female voices in London. Many of the teachers are connected with academies, but not all. The Royal Academy and the London Academy are under the management of professors, and furnish a systematic and thorough course of instruction. The South Kensington Training School is under the directorship of Sullivan, the composer, and is the especial pet of royalty. All the principal orchestral solo players are connected with the academies. Joseph Barnby, the well-known composer and conductor, is professor of music at Eton. Prof. Garcia is connected with the Royal Academy. Outside the academies there are also Profs. Veschetti, Li Calsi, and Sir Julius Benedict, who are all eminent in their profession."

Signor Brocolini has by no means exhausted the list of singing professors in London, and, indeed, one of the most popular, Signor Randegger, and many of the best, such as Mr. Welsh, Mr. Walworth, Mr. Montem Smith, and numerous others, he has not mentioned at all. The name of Professor Deacon, too, I do not recollect, while Sir Julius Benedict does not teach singing. In regard to the cost of tuition in London (and the figures, which are correct, may be quoted for the benefit of provincial and foreign students), Signor Brocolini says:—

"The best teachers charge from 10s. to £1 per lesson. It is customary in London to take furnished apartments, which can be had for from 15s. to 25s. per week. Meals will be furnished at one's apartments at any hour, or can be procured at a neighboring café. One can live very comfortably on £3 per week. This is more than the same accommodations will cost in Italy."

Signor Brocolini likewise details a few of the many musical performances of all sorts which the student can enjoy, and which will interest and instruct him, and with a brief sketch of his own career, his interesting paper concludes.

GERMANY. The vacant post of organist at St. Thomas Church, of Leipzig, has been conferred on Prof. Carl Piutti.

—The recent repetition of the performances, in chronological succession, of the whole of Mozart's operas at the Imperial Opera at Vienna has proved, as in January last, a most complete success. Among the vocalists specially engaged for the "cyclos" of representations were Mmes. Pauline Lucca, Marianne Brandt, Prochaska, and Schuch-Proksa.

